

On viewing the TURFLESS GRAVE of
The Rev. Mr. ECCLES,
Who fatally lost his Life, in endeavouring to save a
drowning Youth, in the River AVON.

HERE worth exalted, undistinguish'd lies;
No stone, alas! to claim one grateful tear;
Yet Fame shall sound his plaudit in the skies,
While list'ning angels cease their hymns, to hear.

True worth, alone, his monument shall prove;
No marble need be rear'd, his praise to tell;
Yet 'twere but just, that those who felt his love
Should pay some tribute to his god-like zeal.

Shall proud Ambition sleep beneath the tomb
Of Pomp and State, to catch the public eye;
While a rude grave alone shall prove his doom,
Who fell a victim to Humanity?

Forbid it, ev'ry virtue of the soul!
Forbid it, Justice, from thy sacred throne!
Let some Inscription, form'd to speak the whole,
Proclaim his merit, on some humble stone.

And that necessity may prove no plea,
Accept these lines, tho' homely, yet sincere;
For, ah! did each spectator feel like me,
Not one would quit his grave without a tear!

E P I T A P H.

Beneath this stone the *Man of Feeling** lies;
Humanity had mark'd him for her own;
His virtue rais'd him to his native skies,
Ere half his merit to the world was known.

In health, and full-blown prime, he nobly dy'd;
To save a drowning youth, he dar'd the wave;
But, ere his throbbing bosom well had sigh'd,
Th' obdurate Avon prov'd their mutual grave.

O'er his remains, oh! drop one grateful tear;
For, far from kindred,† and from friends, he lies!
No parent strew'd his solitary bier!
No kind relation clos'd his clay-cold eyes!

* Author of a beautiful Novel of that name.

† Mr. Eccles's friends lived in Ireland.



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